

# The Art of Alpha Female Blogging *continued* ▶

by Halley Suitt

This is an essay about weblogs, the new genre of web-based public/private online journals, also known as “blogs” and how they are written. I’ve been blogging for a few years and my best known early series of blog posts were called “How To Become An Alpha Male in 18 Easy Lessons.” It was cheeky and funny and basically tongue-in-cheek, but also a way to say to all the alpha male bloggers, “Move over, let me in, I have something to say too!” and it did let me elbow my way into the blogosphere. In the beginning, when I’d tell people I was a blogger and I wrote a blog called Halley’s Comment (<http://www.halleyscomment.blogspot.com>), people would stare blankly and ask me “What’s a blog?” These days they are asking about why I blog and how I blog. So here’s my attempt to explain the mystery.

But before I tell you anything, I need to ask you to indulge me, and read this short weblog post I recently wrote called “Bedded and Breakfasted.” Don’t be alarmed that there is some discussion of sex in the following paragraphs. It will not muss your clothes, or leave your hair disheveled. At least, I hope it won’t.

## BEDDED AND BREAKFASTED

I possess some dreadful character flaws — I want you to know that right up front. Like I hate small dogs and...well, really I hate small dogs and medium-sized dogs and...well, I hate all dogs come to think of it.

In the beginning, when I'd tell people I was **a blogger** and I wrote a blog called **Halley's Comment**, people would **stare blankly** and ask me **“What's a blog?”**

But what I really hate is bed and breakfasts. I didn't ALWAYS hate bed and breakfasts. My first husband (I've only actually had one but lately I've decided I like the dramatic tone of “my first husband” as opposed to “my ex” since it makes me sound like I've had five or six husbands and some ended up mysteriously dying of arsenic poisoning or something)...as I was saying, my first husband taught me to hate bed and breakfasts.

Not because of anything that happened between us in any specific bed and breakfast, but there was this totally silly place we went to in Sonoma right on the highway that was filled with girly antiques which were very tawdry and easy to break and just as uncomfortable as some mingy room in some old aunt's house you might go visit in Pittsburgh. He was right. He made me see the light. He turned me against bed and breakfasts for good. He also pointed out the fact that they are often overpriced and slightly stinky.

Really bed and breakfasts are just dreadful places. The kooky couples who decide to run them are eavesdroppers at best and psychotic quaintmongers at worst. You can't have any REAL LIVE noisy sex without the rest of the house hearing everything, or some antique doll with a pinched face sitting on a steamer trunk at the end of the bed, three inches from your sweaty face, staring you down as you do it doggy style, or most likely, you can't really go for it in a B&B because you'll simply break any number of pieces of period furniture that the dame of the house swears are priceless.

And what the hell are you doing there anyway? I'll tell you. Bed and breakfasts are "honey, let's go away" punishment detention camps for men who owe their extremely furious wives some stab at romance every few years. It's a way station for dead marriages trying to get it up one last time before that long deep dive into marriage counseling. Yes, B&B's are very depressing. And that's if you're just married.

They're even worse if you're not married. Mark my words. If you're single and you are dating a woman who wants you to take her away to be bedded and breakfasted in a quaint and romantic location, beware! She doesn't want to just lure you into a roll in the hay, she's actually auditioning you for a role in her latest romance novel. She wants you to be Mr. Tall-Dark-And-Handsome in her new bodice ripper. She wants you to make passionate love to her instead of simply fucking her brains out. This high maintenance attitude towards love is so dangerous. It just keeps escalating. The lovely fall weekend in the B&B quickly morphs into winter cruises, weddings with 12 bridesmaids, a lifetime of tennis bracelets, tennis racquets, tennis clubs, big second houses in the country and all the trappings of a veritable princess who is intimately acquainted with tantrums and other battle strategies to make men miserable.

Honestly, you're much better off with the girl who likes to make it at the local Holiday Inn, watch dirty movies on cable and order a pizza. A girl who's willing to have her bodice ripped off in these modest surroundings is your best bet. Forget trying to make it in a brass bed followed by a visit to a copper bathtub where you could really get injured with one false move. A nice big shower with all the hot water you need is a much bigger aphrodisiac.

I don't like cats either.



Thanks for reading that. Now, seriously, let's see what is going on there. I'm as interested in following the zig-zaggedy road my mind was driving down when I wrote this as anyone. I'm even more interested in how this new medium has just come out of nowhere and so many writers are crazy about it. I found this quotation by Henry James, the celebrated American novelist, from *The Art of Fiction* (1885), writing about his medium of choice, the novel, attempting to define what was most unique about it.

**"A novel is in its broadest sense a personal, a direct impression of life: that, to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression."**  
(from *The Art of Fiction*, Henry James 1885)

It's right there for all to read: "a personal, a direct impression of life" which rises or falls on "the intensity of the impression." It reminded me of what I like best about weblogs — the fact that they have a very personal and often intense voice. Blogging is nothing, if not personal and full of life.

Then I came across this not-so-well known quotation about what a weblog is. Honestly, I started reading it on a site I'd never visited, got to liking it, and by the end of the quotation, noticed the author was...whoops...me! I'd forgotten I'd written it at all, but was glad to be reunited with my words from way back in November 2002. Two whole years ago, and believe me, we were so much younger then...

"A weblog (or blog) is a daily online diary on the Net where you write and publish at the near-same moment to a few million of your closest friends, except only about 20 people actually read what you write. Each entry is called a "post" and the person writing a weblog (or "blog") is called a "weblogger" or "blogger."

A blog is a love letter.

A blog is a medium that has embedded news, non-fiction narrative, fiction, poetry, graphics, music and most importantly hyperlinks to all other media which gives it its quintessential differentiating characteristic – it can NOT exist outside of the web. It's a purely networked form...[blogs are] one of the last places where you can still tell the truth...A weblog is my head, open to you, day and night, at your convenience. Come on in...A weblog is watching brains at work, especially watching brains with the ultimate prosthetic device – everyone else's brain and the whole net connected. Weblogs let you watch people learning at lightning speed. Awesome to witness."

There are weblogs by one author and there are group weblogs with multiple authors. The first weblogs tended to be about technology, frequently authored by the very same developers who created weblogging software. There are also personal weblogs. There are business weblogs. There are political weblogs. Some use lots of links to news items and to other blogs. Some have more personal writing. Mine is more the personal type, but I also write about technology, business and politics on my weblog and on other group weblogs.

You've read the weblog post I wrote. Some things about it jump right out at you. Like Henry James said about the novel, it's personal and a direct impression of life and it's certainly intense, but lots shorter. And it's not fiction. You could say it's a tiny essay — on an unlikely topic. If you agree it's a bit like an essay, you know that the analogy goes only so far, as it does not have the structural rigor of a classic essay. It's also like a newspaper opinion column, but also, NOT like a column in some ways.

When I first started writing my weblog “Halley’s Comment”  
I didn’t have a clue what I should write about  
or what the length of a blog post should be,  
or what subjects were appropriate or inappropriate.

When I first started writing my weblog “Halley’s Comment” I didn’t have a clue what I should write about or what the length of a blog post should be, or what subjects were appropriate or inappropriate. I knew it better be entertaining or no one would read it. I knew what I found entertaining — sex.

I don’t mean to worry you, but in this fair city and in bucolic settings across this entire country, nice men in expensive suits with fancy watches and pretty women in lovely dresses with costly high heels are brought to their knees, day and night, by this mysterious thing called sex. Sometimes they even take pictures of themselves doing it and get in big trouble. What could be more fun to write about than that?

I can blame this on someone — something any writer is always happy to do, seriously calling that troublemaker their “mentor” — and that person would be John Irving who was one of my professors in college. He gave it to us straight. He told us the two big subjects for any writer worth their salt, are death and sex. He did not steer me wrong. So I’ve been writing about both subjects in my weblog for a long time.

In fact, the irony of my weblog is that I am currently best known for writing sexy stuff on my blog “Halley’s Comment” but it actually started in the very beginning of 2002, when I wrote about my dad’s failing health, his adventures (rather grim) in nursing homes and his death in April that year. I know it’s hard to understand, but I actually wrote about death in a funny way sometimes. Also, I often wrote about it in a poignant way. After that sad time, it was time to cheer people up a bit and writing about sex always tended to do that. That’s when I wrote, “How To Become An Alpha Male In 18 Easy Lessons” as a joke for a friend, almost as an antidote to all the sadness.

All that said, I don’t know if I’m getting down to the nitty gritty of what a weblog is, so it’s time to adopt a more surgical strategy. I’d like to rip apart the blog post and talk about how and why I wrote it each section. It’s an exegesis of sorts, or a coming to Jesus, if you prefer. Here goes.

#### Bedded and Breakfasted

I possess some dreadful character flaws – I want you to know that right up front. Like I hate small dogs and...well, really I hate small dogs and medium-sized dogs and...well, I hate all dogs come to think of it.

Before I tell you anything, let me mention that this all came about because I had to attend a conference in Maine and most of the available lodging came in the form of



bed and breakfasts. This started to get me down, really bug me, and I wasn't sure why, and so I decided to write about it. Blogs are ideal for this. Sometimes something is just bugging you and you need to throw it out there and see if it bugs anyone else.

He gave it to us straight. He told us the **two big subjects** for any writer **worth their salt**, are **death and sex**.

In this post I start off by talking about how I just don't like dogs. I don't know why. I guess I wanted people to realize I'm not that "nicey-nice" girl they often think I am. Most people are expected to think dogs are sweet. If you see someone walking a dog, most women go up to the dog walker, bend down and pet the dog and say goofy baby-talk things to them. I just wanted to explain that I'm not like most women. I wanted to signal to my reader that we were about to go some place not so nice at all — that I was going to say something kind of nasty. I always feel a reader deserves fair warning, so they can bail out early if they wish. Or jump in with both feet.

Another thing I didn't understand until way later — long after I wrote the post and people started teasing me about it — was that this "doggy" theme would be revisited and that it even was a theme.

Any comedy writer would also notice the structure of "three" as I say first I don't like "small dogs" then on reflection must admit I don't like "medium-sized dogs" and then in the end, you anticipate me saying I don't like "large dogs" but instead, I just cut to the chase and explain I hate all dogs. I know people hate people who hate dogs. I wanted to scare my readers into thinking I'm a bit of a bitch.

But what I really hate is bed and breakfasts. I didn't ALWAYS hate bed and breakfasts. My first husband (I've only actually had one but lately I've decided I like the dramatic tone of "my first husband" as opposed to "my ex" since it makes me sound like I've had five or six husbands and some ended up mysteriously dying of arsenic poisoning or something)...as I was saying, my first husband taught me to hate bed and breakfasts.

This part is all about making people think I'm even more evil than they suspected. See this is my problem, I look and sound like a nice blond suburban mom, which I am, but I am always playing with the tension between that nice girl exterior and the evil sex goddess beneath the surface. Of course, no one is really fooled because I really am that fairly boring nice mom.

So that "first husband" thing came out of the need to continue to play with the notion of how I'm not so nice. My fantasy is that I'm one of those evil "Fatal Attraction" type women or maybe something a little more retro like the "Merry Widow" which is also an attractive garment I want my readers to subliminally finger the fabric of and yank the black satin ribbon garters a few times, as I obliquely reference such.

Not because of anything that happened between us in any specific bed and breakfast, but there was this totally silly place we went to in Sonoma right on the highway that was filled with girly antiques which were very tawdry and easy to break and just as uncomfortable as some mingy room in some old aunt's house you might go visit in Pittsburgh. He was right. He made me see the light. He turned me against bed and breakfasts for good. He also pointed out the fact that they are often overpriced and slightly stinky.

And I leave that pregnant line, "my first husband taught me to hate bed and breakfasts," which has a lot of English on the ball, doesn't it? Of course, the mind travels to very unpleasant and dismal sex scenes with an ex-husband — I let you go there

— but I yank you off in another direction when I actual sing the praises of my ex who had many good traits and one was understanding that B&B's were just a silly rip-off. Of course, the best part of the reference for me is something no reader will ever know, which is that I did go to a B&B with my ex and I did get pregnant in one and I have this terrific kid to show for it and he's the reason my ex and I get along as well as we do. Whoops, I guess that part about “no reader will ever know” is not quite accurate now.

Really bed and breakfasts are just dreadful places. The kooky couples who decide to run them are eavesdroppers at best and psychotic quaintmongers at worst. You can't have any REAL LIVE noisy sex without the rest of the house hearing everything, or some antique doll with a pinched face sitting on a steamer trunk at the end of the bed, three inches from your sweaty face, staring you down as you do it doggy style, or most likely, you can't really go for it in a B&B because you'll simply break any number of pieces of period furniture that the dame of the house swears are priceless.

The “kooky couples” part is all about trying to understand who the hell would be excited about taking a slightly ramshackle old house and turning it into someone's sex hideaway. I just don't get it. Even after writing this, and now having every B&B owner in America ready to lynch me, I just don't get who these people are. I made up the word “quaintmonger” off the notion of a “fishmonger” — one who makes a market in fish — to suggest there are people out there just selling quaint stuff and there are also people out there buying it.

One of the things I love about blogs is that they're the perfect places to make up words. In fact, as blogs have grown in popularity many of the best known blog writers have added many new made-up words to the language. Any literary medium that

allows for the wholesale conception of veritable maternity wardfuls of new words is a winner to my mind.

But wait a minute, let me explain the “antique doll with a pinched face” thing since there is a lot going on there. We’re back to that nice girl problem. Take a minute and get the image of a sexy mom like me, doing it doggy style in a quaint bed and breakfast, that is, getting penetrated by a willing suitor from behind (add or subtract your own Victoria’s Secret garments as you see fit) who suddenly looks up to find that cold hard porcelain face of a sinister soulless dolly staring at her and is forced to stop dead in her tracks — hear the squeaking bed springs suddenly stop their happy rhythmic pulse — and come to her senses. It’s worse than good girls meet bad girls at a 1950’s sock hop. And yes, I always wear socks during sex, my feet are always chilly.

Sometimes something is **just bugging you** and you need to **throw it out there** and see if it **bugs anyone else**.

So all I’m trying to show is that there is always that good girl/bad girl dichotomy at work in a woman’s life — or at least in THIS woman’s life. And this is one reason B&B’s are just no fun.

And one last detail you can’t know, but speaks volumes about how writers write. We are scavengers, always on the lookout for just the right word. The week before I wrote this, I had a very unusual experience of trying out a job selling cars in a local dealership. I was filling in for a woman who had left abruptly, and as all writers love to do,

couldn't resist imagining what she did wrong and why they canned her. I could not get very many clues so, being the nosy writer I am, and always wanting the real story, I rather casually got around to this subject in any number of coffee break and water cooler discussions with my fellow employees. They were good people who would not spill the beans for the most part, which I found frustrating. At long last, I asked a rather sexy Greek guy who was the top salesman there what this mystery woman was like and he said just five words which were worth the whole week's ordeal (I didn't get the job although I did sell six cars, but that's another story).

He said, "She had a pinched face," and made a scrunchy visage to demonstrate, snuffed out his cigarette on the asphalt, then went off to the used car lot to talk to a Chinese gentleman. He said this like it explained everything and in a weird way, once I thought about it, it DID explain everything. No one likes a woman with an unhappy pinched face around. It's very unsexy. So little did I expect a week later when I was writing about B&B's that the word "pinched" would resurface to be the perfect description for the juxtaposition of the doll's hard face to the other woman's sexy, sweaty, near-climax glowing face.

And what the hell are you doing there anyway? I'll tell you. Bed and breakfasts are "honey, let's go away" punishment detention camps for men who owe their extremely furious wives some stab at romance every few years. It's a way station for dead marriages trying to get it up one last time before that long deep dive into marriage counseling. Yes, B&B's are very depressing. And that's if you're just married.

I don't even want to comment on this. But I guess I better. Let me just say I got a lot of email from men agreeing with the "punishment detention camps" line.

This paragraph is somehow dead on, reminiscent of my own spiraling-down marriage that could not be kept from free fall, and full of all that good advice (read: bad advice) women's magazines offer middle-aged women with widening midriffs and less-than-exciting sex lives about how to reinvigorate their marriages. Most of the funny things I write about start by being really not-so-funny parts of my own life.

And just so all the smug single people don't start getting on their high horses and thinking they've got it made in the sack and married people are a hopeless lot, I decide to zing them as well. If married people are in trouble, I let single people know they're in even hotter water at a B&B.

They're even worse if you're not married. Mark my words. If you're single and you are dating a woman who wants you to take her away to be bedded and breakfasted in a quaint and romantic location, beware! She doesn't want to just lure you into a roll in the hay, she's actually auditioning you for a role in her latest romance novel. She wants you to be Mr. Tall-Dark-And-Handsome in her new bodice ripper. She wants you to make passionate love to her instead of simply fucking her brains out. This high maintenance attitude towards love is so dangerous. It just keeps escalating. The lovely fall weekend in the B&B quickly morphs into winter cruises, weddings with 12 bridesmaids, a lifetime of tennis bracelets, tennis racquets, tennis clubs, big second houses in the country and all the trappings of a veritable princess who is intimately acquainted with tantrums and other battle strategies to make men miserable.

I get going here because this is one of my favorite subjects — the odd female algorithm that IF there is some sort of romantic story happening between a man and a woman, THEN maybe sex is permissible. I think we're fed this crap from early on. If there's a prince and a big old house and a fine white steed or a new pearl grey Lexus SUV, then you might yield to the guy's demands for some sheet time, but only if he's

buying you all the right stuff. “Women wake up!” I want to scream. Can’t you just own your sexuality and admit that you enjoy it as much as he does and it doesn’t have to be dressed up in Victoriana to make it okay?

This is another pet peeve of mine — the romanticization of the Victorian period — which any educated person knows was a time of really sick sexual repression, not to mention industrial slavery, American slavery and truly ugly gaudy red velvet parlor chairs and very depressing draperies. Somehow many American women and most bed and breakfast lovers seem to be hooked on burgundy ribbons, bows, lace and phony Victorian antiques as the perfect nest for sexual splendor. I think not.

Honestly, you’re much better off with the girl who likes to make it at the local Holiday Inn, watch dirty movies on cable and order a pizza. A girl who’s willing to have her bodice ripped off in these modest surroundings is your best bet. Forget trying to make it in a brass bed followed by a visit to a copper bathtub where you could really get injured with one false move. A nice big shower with all the hot water you need is a much bigger aphrodisiac.

The early audience for weblogs was mostly men in high-tech. I got used to writing for that group and I knew those were my readers because within minutes of posting a blog post, they were emailing me with their opinions. They are not shy.

And since most of my audience has been men for a long time, I like to write stuff that they will like and understand. I like to say things that they can’t dare say, without women (and especially feminists) jumping all over them. One thing I really like about men is how they just love fucking for fucking’s sake. They don’t need to make it into something pretty. They don’t need to dress it up. They have all the testosterone needed to just get down and dirty, and enough of the small talk. I love that about them.

That's what this bit is about — the girl at the Holiday Inn — she just likes to have sex, she doesn't need it all dressed up. She's a guy's girl. She's a helluva lot of fun. She's the sexy girl next door. She's not ashamed of feeling sexy and being sexy and acting sexy. I think she's got her head on straight when it comes to sex. She's not building high barriers to entry — telling a guy he need only apply if he can shell out a pile of moola to take her to an expensive B&B for the weekend. That's a man's biggest sexual fantasy, that a woman wants to be with him just because she likes him, not because she likes his wallet, his job, his car or the massive dough he's spent getting a room at a fancy getaway joint.

I don't like cats either.

Just a throwaway ending line to remind you, I'm not your usual nice girl.

## SO WHAT?

Now you have a Ph.D in Weblog Literary Criticism. But we need to do a little post-doc work. Here are some of my theories.

I called this “The Art of Alpha Female Blogging” so I must throw in a quick thought or two about whether blogs are artful. I won't tease you. I'll give it to you straight. Blogs are artful. The best ones play with language, play with style, reference prior art and artfulness. They can reach down deep, make us laugh or cry, be a call to action. I think they are artful and artistic and radical as any new art form. They should be entertaining.



Henry James is also famous for calling the novel a “loose, baggy monster.” I’ve always liked that description. As they incorporate all types of writing within their ungainly bodies, weblogs certainly commit the sins of loose, baggy monsterhood. As in James’ homage to the novel, I want to bow down to blogs and give them their due. They are art. They are up to something. They are getting away with murder, entertaining us, amusing us, making us act. They are not going away. They are here to stay. Get used to it.

I am always playing with the **tension between**  
that **nice girl exterior** and the  
**evil sex goddess** beneath the surface.

They are also political — in the broadest sense, by sharing divergent voices across a worldwide population — as well as in the literal sense, of often taking politics as their subject and getting people fired up about new beliefs and calling them to immediate action.

With weblogs, we are inventing a new medium and one of the most important aspects of this medium is who controls it. The key differentiator between weblogging and many other traditional media, that the author controls the publishing of their words. It’s a big deal. Since we (the authors) decide what gets published and what doesn’t, and the cost of publishing a weblog is next to nothing—a lot more gets published.

That's the other reason it can be so free, personal and fresh. You just toss stuff up there on your blog and see if your bait gets any bites. You actually create a blog with

Any **literary medium** that allows for the wholesale conception of veritable **maternity wardfuls** of **new words** is a winner to my mind.

the intimate assistance of the rest of the web and all your readers. It's often reminded me of stand-up comedy in terms of its expediency. Whatever I write is seconds away from someone emailing me to tell me what they think, or posting a comment to give me a thumbs up or down. My readers are right there in the club, ready to pelt me with eggs, tomatoes or on a good day, the occasional red rose.

And again, since we decide what gets published and the cost is nil — we can be very innovative with little downside. We try something, it doesn't fly, it's pushed down on the blog never to be seen again. Well, almost never to be seen. One of the great things about blog posts is that they seem to disappear from the page, easing a writer's anxiety if they aren't so great, but they are quickly gobbled up by search engines and in many ways, NEVER disappear. You'd think this would make people MORE careful about what they write, but I think it doesn't. But that's good. Like the invention of Ivory Soap, some of the best writing is accidental.

How are they created? Casually, letting the writer just run with a subject for a short distance, but FAST, a bit like a sprinter, not like the marathon runner called the novelist. And they come out of the personal life of the writer, out of ordinary days.

Have I missed anything? Weblogs are personal, they have voice, they are inclusive of many types of writing, they are artful, political, innovative, interactive, introspective, inexpensive, influential, and more than anything, irreverent. They are here to stay, but not going to stay as they are now — they are changeable, malleable, transformative. They are changing and they are changing us — how we communicate, how we think, how we care about one another and how we join together to change the world.

# info

---

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Halley Suitt is the author of the blog Halley's Comment, where she wrote "How To Become An Alpha Male In 18 Easy Lessons." She is a Senior Editor and book reviewer at *Worthwhile Magazine*, as well as the creator of the weblog for the magazine. In 2004, she was honored by The Anita Borg Institute, as an "Online Diva" and spoke at The Tech Museum in San Jose, CA with co-divas from Google, Yahoo! and Cisco Systems. Ms. Suitt is the Writer-In-Residence for The National Center for Women and Information Technology. She hosts the web-based internet radio program "Memory Lane" on ITConversations. Halley has appeared on Oprah.

Halley began her career in software technical writing and translation (French to English), then held various positions in software sales and marketing. Most recently, she has been involved in event planning and audience development for technology and business conferences sponsored by Harvard Business School Publishing, TTI Vanguard and The Tom Peters Company.

She published a case study on employee bloggers in *Harvard Business Review* and a fictional short story in *Penthouse Magazine*. She's spoken at many industry conferences, including O'Reilly's Emerging Technology: Digital Democracy event, at Jupiter Research's Weblog Business Strategies conference on "Strategies and Tips For Business Blogging" and at Harvard Law School's BloggerCon conference, where she led a discussion about her case study, "A Blogger in Their Midst" from *Harvard Business Review*.

She attended Mount Holyoke College (BA cum laude English/French) and Columbia University (MFA Writing). She studied at Universite de Paris: Sorbonne. She lives in Boston, MA.

## DOWNLOAD THIS

This manifesto is available from <http://changethis.com/9.AlphaFemaleBlogging>

# info

---

## SEND THIS


Click here to pass along a copy of this manifesto to others.

<http://changethis.com/9.AlphaFemaleBlogging/email>


## SUBSCRIBE

Learn about our latest manifestos as soon as they are available. Sign up for our free newsletter and be notified by email. <http://changethis.com/subscribe>

## NAVIGATION & USER TIPS

Move around this manifesto by using your keyboard arrow keys or click on the right arrow ( → ) for the next page and the left arrow ( ← ). To send this by email, just click on .

## HAVING PROBLEMS SAVING TO DISK?

First, make sure you have the latest version of Acrobat Reader 6 which you can download from <http://www.adobe.com/products/acrobat/readstep2.html>. If problems persist, it may be due to your Acrobat Reader settings. To correct the problem (for Windows), a reader, J. Hansen, suggests going to your Acrobat Reader Preferences > Options > Web browser Options. Check the “Display PDF in Browser” option. Then click on Save to Disk .

## KEYBOARD SHORTCUTS

	PC	MAC
Zoom in (Larger view)	[ CTL ] [ + ]	[ ⌘ ] [ + ]
Zoom out	[ CTL ] [ - ]	[ ⌘ ] [ - ]
Full screen/Normal screen view	[ CTL ] [ L ]	[ ⌘ ] [ L ]

# info

---

## WHAT YOU CAN DO

You are given the unlimited right to print this manifesto and to distribute it electronically (via email, your website, or any other means). You can print out pages and put them in your favorite coffee shop's windows or your doctor's waiting room. You can transcribe the author's words onto the sidewalk, or you can hand out copies to everyone you meet. You may not alter this manifesto in any way, though, and you may not charge for it.

## BORN ON DATE

This document was created on 29 November 2004 and is based on the best information available at that time. To check for updates, please click the hyperlink to visit:

<http://changethis.com/9.AlphaFemaleBlogging>

## COPYRIGHT INFO

The copyright in this work belongs to the author, who is solely responsible for the content. Please direct content feedback or permissions questions to the author:

<http://halleyscomment.blogspot.com/>

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/2.0> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 559 Nathan Abbott Way, Stanford, California 94305, USA.

Cover image from stock.xchng <http://www.sxc.hu/>

## ABOUT CHANGETHIS

ChangeThis is a vehicle, not a publisher. We make it easy for big ideas to spread. While the authors we work with are responsible for their own work, they don't necessarily agree with everything available in ChangeThis format. But you knew that already.

